

THE  
OXMEN



# The Omen

Volume 9, Number 3  
February 28, 1997

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**“If That Was a Word, it Would be Mispelled”**

-Chris Ruge

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## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Jon Klein (E-405, box 1568), or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?



# Editor'AL \*

## The BBA Gets a Kick in the Ass

If you are the type to follow national politics, you may have noticed that there are a group of yahoos currently running the government who were never briefed on what exactly they are being paid to do.

I am speaking, of course, of the congress and their proposed balanced budget amendment. This is a strong front runner for the biggest crock ever to be put over on American people. It boils down to this:

"I can only do my job if it is constitutionally required."

Well let me give you a clue, Jack, it's already constitutionally required. I give you a quote from our great constitution: Article 1, Section 8, Clause 1:

"The congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

Clause 2;

"To borrow money on the credit of the United States;..."

and it goes on about armies and whatnot until Clause 18:

"To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for the carrying into execution the

forsaking powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or office thereof."

The singular point of this section of the glorious document which I am trying to use here is culminated in Clause 2. The congress is supposed to be able to spend money on margin in the name of the United States. This, in itself, is not a bad thing. Deficits are OK, if used responsibly. The argument that is innate within the push for the Balanced Budget Amendment is that deficits are what's wrong with our country. While it is true that deficits are what got us into this mess, what is being ignored is what the deficits are financing, and who it was that did it.

Most of the yahoos responsible for this current push are Republicans. They liked Reagan, and often refer to him as the shining example of what a Republican administration is all about. He even received the medal of freedom for his years of service to this nation. In his college days, Ronald Reagan was one of those idiots who ran around campus trying to get the president fired. The difference between his efforts and ours is that he was successful. Then he went off to

Hollywood and fostered the early days of McCarthyism. His glorious career culminated in pretending to run the nation when he and everyone around him knew he was senile and subsequently committed acts of treason in the White House basement. Let's see if the SAC yahoos can do that.

The greatest legacy of the Reagan era, however, was the huge budget deficit. Budget deficits spent largely on defense to keep the economy moving, while giving massive tax breaks to the corporate elite. If we spend money on weapons, one of two things can happen: 1) You can blow them up in combat, or, preferably, 2) You can let them sit around until they are obsolete and you sell them to the Saudis or theocracies such as Iran which are dedicated to the destruction of the United States and then funnel the money to some illegal action in Central America. Either way, you wind up with nothing in the end.

There is a simple rule for home accounting; never use credit for consumer purchases. That means it's dumb to buy stuff you don't need, like a new dress, or dinner with a credit card. When the government buys new

*Continued on Next Page*

# Chris Wraps it Up

*Continued From Previous Page*

airplanes they are the same as candy bars, relatively speaking. If the government was building railroads, or energy plants, or something that would increase the productive capacity of the nation, it would be an investment that would eventually pay off. Instead, we buy crap.

And what do the Republicans focus on as the main cause of the national debt? Is it the fact that Reagan racked up so many bills that interest alone is significant? Do they blame defense spending? Do they blame a war on drugs whose only effect is adding to prison overcrowding? No. They blame entitlement programs that help poor people. This is what pisses off wishy-washy liberals like Kennedy who have made a career of being the champion of the down-trodden. In his years of selfless service to the state, Chelsea and South Bos-

ton have remained the same crime ridden shit-holes while he got so fat he had to get married to keep up the booty stream.

But, if you look at it, welfare doesn't help the country either. If you pay poor people to be poor, what do you get? More poor people. This doesn't seem like a good investment to me. The Republicans realize this, and are prepared to act on it. So why do they need the amendment? They need it so that they can cut off money to poor people and say "sorry it's the constitution's fault. The entire nation ratified this amendment, and now you have to starve. Will of the people, and all that. I'm sure you understand."

What they leave out is the amendment must only be passed by two thirds of the states, and three fourths of the state's legislatures. This is a very small amount of the people. And after

they railroad this through, they will be alleviated of their guilt, responsibility, and constitutional duty. This is because we live in a Republic, not a Democracy. Remember that, oh ordinary citizen.

Passing this bill does not take into account future situations which would require deficit spending. And if it did, then what's the point? All that law would require is that the congress balance the budget. That's what they're supposed to do now. I just don't understand. There is nothing keeping them from screwing the poor now, so why do they need more help? If you have an answer, or would like to hear some of the sheep jokes I mentioned last week, feel free to e-mail me at:

chrF92@hamp.hampshire.edu

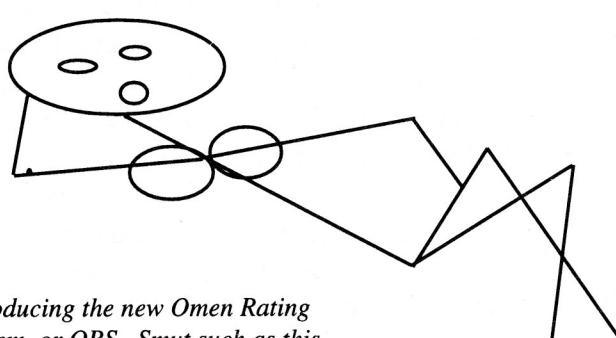
-Chris Ruge, News Editor

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## Things Not to do at A Job Interview

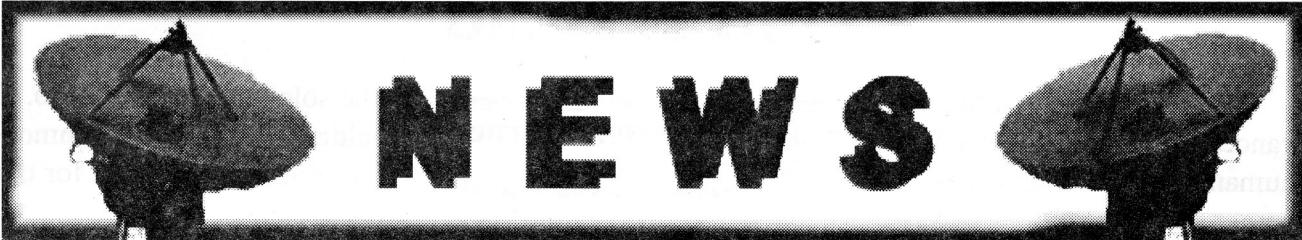
9. Imitate Fran Drescher
8. Blink a lot, to make every thing look like it's under a strobe light.
7. Anything involving velcro
6. Shave
5. Ask someone out on a date
4. Rave about Babylon Five
3. Wear "Zips"
2. Mention pornography
1. Mention Hampshire

-B.T. Johnston, Contributer



*Introducing the new Omen Rating System, or ORS. Smut such as this would be rated "Omen-14" as would articles involving sheep love, or hippie beating. We thank you for your observance of these ratings. They are for your own good.*

"Sweeps"  
Chris Ruge  
1997



# NEWS

## UMASS Takeover

On Sunday, UMass students began occupation of the Office of Controllers, located in Goodell Hall with this list of demands. Here's what is known as of about 8:00 p.m. on Tuesday night: The students took over the Office two days ago, and proceeded to occupy the building. The phone lines had been cut, leaving a cellular phone as the only source of communication to and from the building. At 8:00 p.m. on Tuesday night, the administration and the students were meeting within the building, assumedly working out the demands. UMass police were called in, mainly to prevent possible destruction to the building. Police guarded all entrances and exits and would not admit anyone inside where there were already 150 students. Allegedly, the administration promised response to the demands by Thursday night; students occupying Goodell Hall seemed more than willing to continue their occupation until then. Rumors circulated about the possibility of power to the building being cut, but the Phys Plant workers we spoke with had heard nothing about that. For a few hours before 8, students were being snuck in and out through a womens' room window, until police discovered the leak and promptly

sealed the window. It should be noted that the University will indefinitely pay the campus police overtime for protection.

### Summary of Demands

1. Increase in Financial Aid, the Office of Graduate Minority Recruitment (OMGSR), student support groups (CCEMBS, BCP, ULARC) and community liaisons
2. Increase in recruitment and retention of students of color to 20%
3. Creation of a scholarship fund for poor and working students and first generation college students of all backgrounds
4. Eliminating holds on preregistration and late fees.
5. Implementation of individualized payment plans for all students
6. Greater recruitment and diversification of Staff, Faculty, and Administration at all levels of the University
7. That faculty of color need to be in tenure track positions
8. Inclusion of students including ALANA students, on all Search Committees
9. Creation of a block of time with no classes so that students may participate on University Committees
10. In Admissions, that ALANA reviewers will be exclusively dedicated to ALANA and TRIO Program students (poor and first generation college students of all backgrounds)
11. Return of Upward Bound type program to track poor students into college
12. Increase funds for Financial Aid, as well as funding for students of color, poor and first generation college students (Graduate and Undergraduate)
13. That the New Students Program will include all cultural and special area programs/ centers in preparation of orientations and tours
14. Creation of an administrative ALANA Affairs Office, *comparable to the Office of Greek Affairs* and the Office of Jewish Affairs
15. Establishment of a Flexible Child Care Center that is affordable for all as well as sufficient child care voucher for grads and undergrads
16. Creation of UMass Departments dedicated to Irish Studies, Latino American Studies, Native American Studies and Asian American Studies, including tenure track faculty representative of the groups themselves.

# God is Dead

As modern science advances far beyond the needs of human beings, so advances the perversion of the human psyche. With the end of the world rapidly approaching, our mad scientists and inventors face a bitter deadline, with only so many more years of prosperity with which to design their vision of the logical extension of humanity. First there came gunpowder and plastics. Then came the atomic bomb and the microwave. And within the span of our very lifetimes, there was manifested the greatest evil thus far: cable television. But even this repulsive technology pales to the machinations of the future; the looming potential for one hundred thousand Michael Jacksons.

As the technology of cloning leaps from the pages of cheap science fiction novels into reality, the wealthiest, and coincidentally the most deranged, people in the world sigh with anticipation. In the years to come, human beings will be able to purchase, at an outrageous price, exact duplicates of themselves.

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## Mat's Machismo Corner

*Mat Lauritsen, Omen Staffer*

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Due to the permeant similarities between sheep and human beings, it can only be expected that within mere months technology allowing the doubling of sheep will advance sufficiently in order to allow the similar multiplication of specific human beings.

As previously mentioned, Michael Jackson will be able to purchase countless "playmates," identical to himself in every way, and conveniently less aged. Bill Gates will be able to purchase people who will actually be able to react to him as though he were a normal human being. Narcissists will be able to purchase copies of themselves just to gaze upon, or to wrestle with, or with which to play "dress up." And the artist formally known as Prince will be able to calm the maelstrom within his soul, finally able to exist in *reality* as both himself and his former self. Personally, I would clone myself three times and become the Beetles. Remember, this is not

in the sole interest of my ego. I wouldn't render myself immortal if I didn't have to- its for the music's sake.

Human beings are about to begin the final sequence of their God complex. Ever since God banished mankind from the Gardens of Eden, we have been out for his blood. Though Nietzsche is in fact dead, God did not get the last laugh as he thought he had. Mankind has brutally tortured God, stolen his hide, and pranced about in it as though it were the costume for the latest Henson puppet. With God's own birthday suit covering our nakedness, as though it were a divine leather jacket, mankind is performing a burlesque show, a direct parody of God's intended domain. God created light, and he said it was good. God created the earth, and said it was good. Man created science, and said it was good. Man also created Spam. It has received mixed reviews.

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*Boy I Love Catfish  
Jeff Says those words Should Never  
Come Out of Your Mouth  
-Jeffrey Barnett, Mara Breen*

# SECTION HATE

*Editors Note: Our normal section hate writer is on hiatus. If you are interested in writing section hate, please contact Jordan at 582-4666*

## My List of Questions:

1. Why did people watch Alf?
2. Just who are Winthrop S. Dakin and Charles E. Merrill?
3. Once and for all, exactly what are your fourth amendment rights?
4. What's Jackie Mason doing these days?
5. Whatever happened to Wufdickit? (kudos if you've actually heard of these guys)
6. What's the difference between an ATM and a MAC machine?
7. Why are guys from Philadelphia such cocky bastards sometimes?
8. In Kris Kross, are Mac Daddy and Daddy Mac the same person?
9. During the 1980's, the floating belt (over a sweater, for example) never really held anything up, did it?
10. Yo, like, whas up wid dem cuttin' da philosophy department? Dey mus be smokin some really good shit, man.
11. Why do I hear these words every day at Hampshire: problematic, dichotomy, paradigm, accepting, sheep, po-

## ...But Were Afraid to Ask

lemic, hyperbolic, and post-modern?

13. Who designed the Harold F. Johnson Library? (I mean, c'mon. What's with that emergency exit by the bookstore? What the hell?)

14. Change machines; why only one?

15. The change machine; strategic location?

16. Will space travel really ever become a part of our daily lives?

17. Where is Jimmy Hoffa?

18. Aren't those little crunchy larvae in Fig Newtons disgusting?

19. What movie was the biggest bomb and lost the most money?

20. On my driver's license, there is a part which lists restrictions. For example, my license has restriction A which means I have to wear glasses or contacts when I drive. On the back of the license, the restrictions are listed. One of them is restriction Z; blind. What's with that? You can get a license if you're blind? What the hell is this crap?

21. Which one is Siskel and which one is Ebert?

22. If you're an older musician, when do you decide to make the Christmas Album?

23. Is the Trilateral Commission real?

24. Hey SAGA; what's with the cod? Enough with the cod!!!!!!!

25. How does Roberta know so much?

26. In Monopoly, are Swiss Bank Accounts really against the rules?

27. What's in between the Dakin and Merrill house offices? Is the Secret Garden back there or something?

28. What makes a person want to become a literary critic?

29. What's behind all those locked doors in the dorm basements? Frankly, it scares me.

30. Why is there perpetually a random dime or penny on the floor of my room?

31. Do people from Massachusetts know that when they're making a left turn that they should yield unless they have a green arrow?

32. Are professional sports figures really just in it for the money?

33. Why is the Omen's layout so shoddy? I mean, people's articles just get cut off halfw

-Jeff Barnett, *Omen Staffer*



*Compressed Spine  
Jordan Strauss  
1997*

# MOVIES

## “Leave the Movie, Take the Canoli”

Donnie Brasco (written by Paul Attanasio, directed by Mike Newell) is at best well-made, competent, and at points quite astutely written. At worst it takes on the characteristics of the kind of tawdry, ghost-written autobiography which I suspect the book the film was adapted from is. The picture is the true story of an FBI agent named Joe Pistone (Johnny Depp) who, in going undercover and adopting the name Donnie Brasco, befriends a long-standing mobster who calls himself Lefty (Al Pacino).

As it's constructed, the picture emphasizes "Brasco" and his rise within the mob. The screenplay pretends to explore the complexity of Pistone's situation and his friendship with Lefty, but negligently overlooks the complexity of these issues for the sake of the pedestrian, formulaic narrative. The aggressively story-driven structure is propelled by such unconscionably lazy devices as an FBI typewriter in closeup, hammering out the details of the case.

This shouldn't have been just another mob story. We've seen mob stories and we've seen them done better, much better, by Scorsese and Coppola. We

haven't really seen, finally, a good picture about how the people a person works with every day can come home with them every night. That's what the movie's really about and that's where the emphasis should've been. The very fact that Pistone can't strip the brutality of his days off with his coat at night is what keeps him from coming home to his family, because he wants to protect not just their safety from the mob but their safety as healthy human beings. This is what makes him human and therefore compelling as a character, but Attanasio's screenplay more or less presents him as a near-thug and leaves him suspended there.

The issues of real loyalty, acted loyalty, and misguided loyalty are cartoonishly played with. We get hints of more, though- the film begins with a closeup of Pacino's eyes- a B&W still- and ends with a closeup of Depp's, this time in color. The point is that Lefty and Pistone have both been ground down by loyalty to uncaring big 'organizations'. We, as the audience, are asked to believe that they never questioned the nature of their loyalty or what they were loyal to. It's the basic dramatic flaw of a lot of conven-

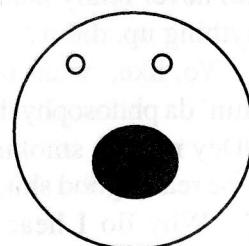
tional crime pictures, and I think this story deserves better.

But, even in this overcooked lasagna of a movie, it's possible to watch Pacino and be amazed by the grace, the economy, of everything he chooses to do.

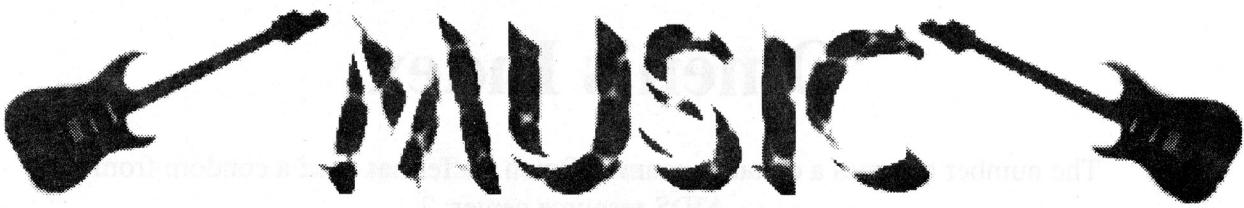
His eyes, or the infinite degrees of self-deprecating humor he brings to a line like "thirty years busting my ass for the boss and what do I got", put Johnny Depp's misguided character-actor touches in their place for what they are: plain hamfisted hamming, in spite of Depp's obvious efforts to the contrary.

God only knows what I'll review next week. I'll review something, if one of you lucky souls haven't 'whacked' me for not slobbering over Johnny Depp's Ragu Italian. Keep your eyes peeled, folks.

-Nick Edwards, Entertainment Editor



Surprised  
Jordan Strauss  
1997



## Get a Clue

### The Beauty Process: Triple Platinum<sup>1</sup>

*The Beauty Process<sup>2</sup>*

*Drama<sup>3</sup>*

*Off The Wagon<sup>4</sup>*

*I Need<sup>5</sup>*

*Moonshine<sup>6</sup>*

*Bitter Wine<sup>7</sup>*

*The Masses Are Asses<sup>8</sup>*

*Bad Things<sup>9</sup>*

*Must Have More<sup>10</sup>*

*Non-Existent Patricia<sup>11</sup>*

*Me, Myself & I<sup>12</sup>*

*Lorenza,*

*Giada, Alessandra<sup>13</sup>*

<sup>1</sup>. Title of the new L7 album.

<sup>2</sup>. WAHHHH! If you listen to it you'll understand the pain she has to go through to let out the menses that they put in SAGA tomato sauce.

<sup>3</sup>. Sounds like the Ramones with a sex change when they are preaching anti-t.v. messages to children who wear blue hats. Speaking of children who wear blue hats, we heard that all of the SAGA mugs are stored on B-2 long ("Spare me [obnoxious cunts], you're draining me!").

<sup>4</sup>. Good to smoke to, Cheeba, Cheeba, rape girls. Why should we get a job when we could sell crack or just take from our trust fund?

<sup>5</sup>. A wacky love song dedicated to the reproduction of shrimp in a mediterranean environment.

<sup>6</sup>. Could be a 'hit' just like getting kicked out of SAGA with an old mop. [And thank-you for directing this comment to my asshole personally] During this song Casey

jabbed a pencil into each of his ears so he would never have to hear this song again.

<sup>7</sup>. HAIL Bitter Wine! This was a favorite of the cool people writing this review...errr..I mean the females (Casey: you guys can't have the keyboard anymore, I may not be able to hear, but I can read!) This song is about as spaced out as the sheep are when they get sodomized by UMASS students. [Has anyone noticed the abundance of sheep at SAGA lately? We might need to start cloning them...]

<sup>8</sup>. Maybe everyone in college moved off of L7's hall because they hated them too, just like L7 hated the crowd at the Springfield Civic Center [After a resident of B-2 long showed his small cock to the band left] and just like we hate fake goth guy.

<sup>9</sup>. Casey thinks this song is about song #5 *Moonshine*, but all of us are in agreement that it is about the red peppers that they put in the omelets last weekend and Jeffy's column.

<sup>10</sup>. This is one of those songs that will certainly make you cum if you play it loud enough. It is also good for fucking if you know its going to take less 2 minutes & 54 seconds. We did crack a beautiful bright smile at its vampiric undertones but we were sad when we realized that there were no dwarves or elves in it.

<sup>11</sup>. Somehow one could picture this song on an episode of *My So-Called Life*, which is also non-

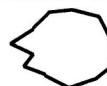
existent. Speaking of non-existent, the title, "4:21", was missing from our column last week as well as our first endnote. The fathers' of the editors of the Omen had faulty condoms just like all SAGA staffers' parents.

[Ed: *This is a lie. Fuckin' Goths*]

<sup>12</sup>. [Jenn & Casey: Aemily had to pay us to listen to this song, as she does regularly in order to keep our friendships. Casey: Must put the fruit down, must control my own arm, damn that big-breasted bitch who won't apologize to Hitler is powerful, as well as manipulative, and rich. Thank god for HER trust fund. Aemily: Yup, I can do whatever I want to SAGA because I'm rich.] Sure the juice bins at SAGA don't drain but neither does Aemily's wallet!

<sup>13</sup>. Why do you never see baby pigeons? Why do the editors of the Omen suck so much? [Ed: Where did you learn to write, you draped in black, body-pierced, no damn taste stupid sacks of shit?] Why is Marilyn Manson so damned good [even though we are not goths]? And when are we going to get our six-pack of mellow-yellow for the best why-we-hate-the Omen-article?

-Jenn Barr-DiPiazza, Casey Nordell,  
Aemily dara Reshen, Omen Staffers



Dodecahedron  
Jordan Strauss  
1997

# Omen's Index

The number of times a certain unnamed Omen staffer has used a condom from the AIDS resource center: 2

The number of times said condoms have broken during intercourse: 2 (really!)

The estimated amount of time it would take a monkey to sit down at a typewriter and compose one issue of The Omen: several billion years

Number of fliers from Sugar Jones I've found taped to my door this year: 7

Number of times I've ordered from Sugar Jones this year: 0

On a scale of 1 to 10, how The Omen rates EPEC: can dirty hippies even count?

Largest power of two one Omen editor can think of off the top of his head: 65536

Largest power of two the other can think of: 4096

Largest power of two one anonymous writer can think of: 2

Is said writer a hippie: yes. yes he is.

Ratio of on campus classes to off campus classes one Omen editor taking this semester: 1:3

Tuition of one semester of Hampshire: about \$12,000

Cost of the class this particular Omen editor is taking this semester: about \$12,000

Dakin fire alarms the week starting 2/3: 2

Number of fire alarms per day week starting 2/3: 2/7

Amount of time it takes to compose the content of one issue of the Omen: 19 hours, 47 minutes

Amount of time it would take a monkey to sit down at a typewriter and randomly type the content of one issue of the Omen (theoretical): several billion years

Amount of time it would take a monkey to sit down at a typewriter and randomly type the content of one issue of the Omen (actual): 19 hours, 47 minutes

# Ask Pam

Dear Ask Pam,

What the fuck?! I just read the last issue...there were so many errors! What's up with that? What's the point of The Omen anyway? Who can write for it and what's with all the bitchy staffers? Love your article, by the way.

Non-loser-confused-(left handed)-heterosexual-redhead

Dear Non-loser,

Well, the truth is, the editors just plain suck. They're new at this and they sniff a lot of glue. To be serious for a moment there have been some quirks with Pagemaker which I am under the impression are being taken care of. There's also going to be a new addition to The Omen, an errata page for error corrections from the previous issue. As you've pointed out there were a bitch-load of mistakes in the last issue, so that should be amended in this issue. The Omen is a community forum for anyone who wants to submit (we'll gladly print anything you submit). Your writing will not be edited, and anything that you turn in will be published (except what is deemed as slander), but you must be responsible for what you say, meaning no anonymous columns. About the bitchiness of the staff (myself excluded because I don't bitch, I criticize and alienate) this is the product of having an open policy concerning who may submit. Personally, if I ran The Omen I would give the writers IQ tests because, let's

## Ask Pam

*Pamela Greenberg, Omen Staffer*

face it, some of them just seem plain illiterate. Others just have nothing to say. Then again, if I ran it, I might just have all the stupid people shot, but that's just my humble opinion.

Dear Ask Pam,

You know that cute boy who works the meat grinder at Atkins Farm? Well, I have a total thing for him. How can I subtly mention to him that I want him to tenderize my rump?

Sincerely,

Once a vegan...

Dear Ex-Vegan,

You should definitely dress up like a cow and strut right up to the counter and tell him to squeeze your udders. Screw subtlety, just ask him to tenderize your rump straight out. He should be quite impressed. Oh, and be sure to tell me when you're going to do this so I can be there for...uh...support.

Dear Ask Pam,

I've got a really bad hangnail. How can I cope? I have serious issues!

-Anonymous

Dear Whiner,

You know what? I have "serious issues" with people who use the word "issues." I feel like spitting on people who say that to me. Another group of people to be run off the planet in my

opinion. I shouldn't even gratify your question with a response, but since you're probably too stupid to figure this out on your own, I will. All you have to do to fix your hangnail is cut off the finger in question. I have a saw you can borrow.

Dear Ask Pam,

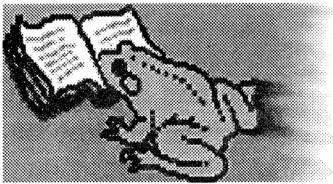
I have a problem in which I cannot get my work done unless I am naked, with a wool sock on my penis, blasting educational Czechoslovakian language tapes on my stereo. One of my hallmates accidentally walked in on me doing this and ever since then things between us have been tense, to say the least. What should I do?

-Andrew Simsak

Dear Andrew,

Well, Andrew, I respect you for being brave enough to use your real name (if in fact that is your real name), most of these pathetic jerks who write to me use supposedly clever aliases. Regarding your study habits, what the hell is wrong with you?! Things between you and your hallmate have been tense! Of course they have been, you're a big freak! If I were your hallmate I'd move to the mods, better yet, I'd transfer out of here. You're the reason that there's no world peace. By the way, doesn't the wool sock itch?

To submit to askpam, e-mail your question to  
[askpam@neural.hampshire.edu](mailto:askpam@neural.hampshire.edu)



# Retrospect

## Hampshire Student Activities 1969-Present

Occasionally, I perambulate the library and discover an unexpectedly interesting text or archive. My latest find has been a document compiled by Timothy Shary (F86) roughly labeled *A History of Student Achievements and Activities at Hampshire College 1969-1990*. Shary dove into the archives of Hampshire student newspapers and obscure documents to collect the data, which I am doing again as I update the text to the present as part of my Division II. While in the process of the task, I will share some of the more interesting tidbits of Hampshire student lore from Shary's research and my own in this serial.

**April 18, 1969:** Lois Bailey, New York, is the first student accepted to Hampshire College, and Jonathan Wright, of Guilford, Connecticut, is the second; they both applied early decision.

[Shary: *Memo to Liz Wheeler from Van Halsey 4/28/69*]

**November 1, 1971:** Lois Bailey has transferred to Williams College. In their student newspaper, the Advocate, she flippantly criticizes Hampshire for suffering from "isolationism, academic anxiety, and hyperseriousness."

[Shary: *Climax 11/8/71*]

**October 25, 1973:** 100 students respond to announcements for a "raffle" in the AB lounge, at which three students "get rid" of a pound of marijuana; two winners each receive a half-pound, the sponsors earn \$10 each, and \$40 is donated

to Financial Aid. [Shary: *Climax 10/30/73*]

**January 26, 1985:** The Amherst Town Police are called in by Hampshire security to break up a party in Greenwich donut 2; while students are forcibly asked to leave, a police cruiser is doused with red paint while it is liberated of its hub caps.

[Shary: *Communique 2/5/85*]

**April 26, 1985:** 13 Hampshire students are arrested in a demonstration at Westover Air Force Base in Chicopee, protesting U.S. military assistance to El Salvador and Guatemala, when they cross police lines and illegally enter the base.

[Shary: *In Black and White 5/85*]

**November 4, 1990:** A drove of sheep grazing in the apple orchard alongside Bay Road launch the first of two consecutive midnight breakouts, wandering across the south side of campus; students noticing the sheep heading for Northampton report the incidents.

[Shary: *The Permanent Press: November 10, 1989*]

**November 29, 1990:** President Greg Prince announces the establishment of the Council on Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Concerns, chaired by professor Susan Tracy.

[Shary: *Memo to the community, 11/29/90*]

**June 1, 1981:** Physical Plant forms a special crew to begin removing thousands of round red, white, and green stickers from campus

buildings; the Italian "self-historification" artist, Guglielmo Cavellini, had been sending the stickers to students for a year.

[Shary: *Apostrophe 3/11/82*]

**September 11, 1982:** Up to 200 students show up for Hampshire's first "Dressed to Get Laid" party, organized and hosted by students Ken Wachs and Laurie McKenna in Prescott mod 77; plans are made for the next party, "Get Dressed For A Meaningful Relationship."

[Shary: *Apostrophe 10/7/82*]

**March 11, 1982:** The ubiquitous Cavellini stickers are still being found all over campus as students continue to write to the artist asking for more; an opposition group, "The Anti-Cavellinis," have been placing round black stickers over the Cavellini stickers.

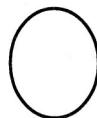
[Shary: *Apostrophe 3/11/82*]

Cavellini stickers can be seen above the H/J doorway, and in the D stairwell. It is also notable that the bocce court is named after Cavellini, although I haven't uncovered the full history of the court yet. I have written to Cavellini for more stickers...

[*to be continued...*]

-Brendan Tamilio, Managing Editor

Egg  
Jordan Strauss  
1997



# Capitalism Wox Wif Glox

So I can't exactly tell you anything you don't know about this week's spot, except for the fact that you can find it within 20 minutes of Hampshire college.

Okay, I've made a terrible habit of saying things like that: for those who don't know, "BJ's" is a great big warehouse of bulk everything, sold at near outrageously low prices. In bulk. Real cheap. Big savings. No money down.

Last time I was there I scored big with a \$7 24-pack of Mountain Dew, a \$12 24 pack of V8 (yes, I like the stuff), and a 1996 AAA road atlas normally selling for \$12, for only \$3.

Just telling you about the prices isn't enough. There's nothing better than the first time you go — running around like a kid in a candy store picking up everything you can find just because it's such a great deal, only to realize that all of the women at Smith college collectively won't have enough menstrual cycles in theirs lives to justify buying tampons in the quantity of the box you're holding.

I'm not sure which is more exciting... the fact that some of this stuff is so damn cheap, or the novelty of getting to buy it in such large quantities. Big display boxes of candy, mayonnaise by the gallon, salsa in even larger quantities. I imagine it's what a supermarket would look like to a 12" tall person.

Extra exciting finds include

## Fun For All Ages

*Jon Klein, Editor-in-Chief*

the numerous food items made in bulk for test marketing, only to fail miserably. I just can't wait until the infamous "Pepsi Kona [1]" coffee flavored Pepsi finds its way in to BJ's. It's bound to happen sooner or later, and when it does I'll be there to buy it *all*.

Just as exciting as the clearance items that didn't make it to the supermarket, are the clearance items which did make it to the supermarket. Much less exciting items, but much better deals.

I just barely managed to talk Jordan out of buying 3 pounds of frozen cocktail weenies for \$1. "Awww Jon, come on! We could feed ourselves for a few days with this!"

Be sure to take all the free samples you can find. They have people spread out about the store giving samples of random food.

"Hmm... that spicy chicken wing was pretty good, but I'm not sure I'm ready to commit to

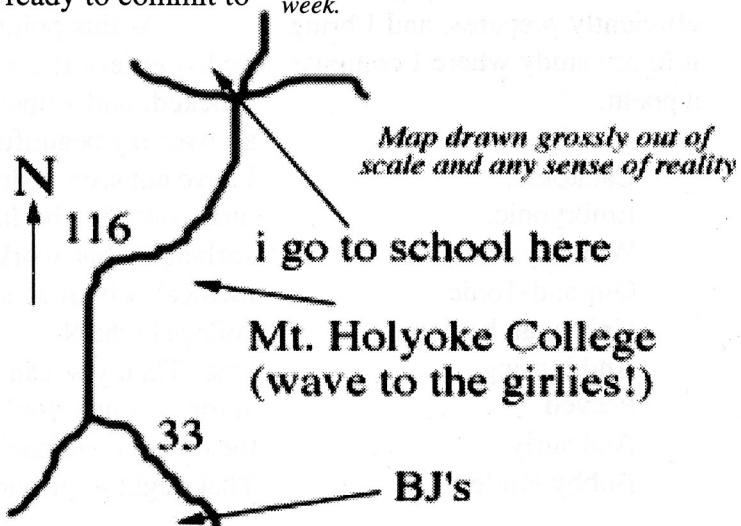
buying a \$4 tub of Paul Neuman's teriyaki sauce yet.

I think I'd better eat several more." If you phrase it correctly, they'll be shoving them down your throat.

The only catch is that they want you to pay a one year \$35 membership. Alternatively, you can get a day pass which entitles you to list price plus 5%. Unless you plan on spending \$700 there in the next year or so, I would go with the day pass.

In conclusion, BJ's is an excellent example of capitalist consumerism in America, and serves as an excellent smack in the face to Russian communists waiting in line for hours for toilet paper.

[1] Pepsi Kona appeared in Philadelphia and a few other test markets this summer. The general consensus is that soda and coffee don't mix well together... and that the Europeans must be laughing at us quite a bit right now. I really liked the stuff. Then again, I liked the coffee flavored chewing gum they gave me at the Korean restaurant on route 9 last week.



# Like We Said, We'll Print Anything

"I had an anxiety attack on the crapper this morning, honey." You may assume I am speaking to my psychiatrist or therapist or bartender, and you would be more or less correct: I utter these words to my attentive girlfriend (there are very few things in life I cherish more than an attentive girlfriend, an attentive bartender topping the list), who lovingly injects a mixture of potent valerian root extract and Rohypnol into my arm, a mixture which she has dubbed "Roofie Roots."

The effective shot has erased all aftereffects of the intense fear which gripped me as I sat there and panic *attacked* me (that's why they call it a "panic attack": the panic literally *attacks* you as you sit there perched atop the crapper).

Soothed and much improved by the medicine shot, I amuse myself with a playful pinch of my girlfriend's anorexic ass. She squeals with girlish delight. I request a hot-scotch-with-lemon which my girlfriend efficiently prepares, and I bring it to my study where I compose a poem.

Catatonic,  
Embryonic.  
Whiskey Sour,  
Gin-and-Tonic.  
Upheaval, heaving  
And hurling,  
Peeved  
And surly:  
Bobby Hurley.

Wet  
And wasted  
And warm  
In perfect splendor.

My plush study has long been a favorite roost of mine: it is the coziest room in my stylish, sprawling mansion. I scribble:

Stupid  
Stupor  
Sipping  
Supper.

I send these four words via fax to my attractive agent and publicist, instructing her to auction them for an outrageous and offensive sum. I manage to do quite well these days, what with my poetry and my painting and various other lucrative artistic endeavors. My heavy metal tour, for example, supplied me with ludicrous amounts of cash and cocaine. Moreover, when my exotic girlfriend arrived in the States from Thailand last year, she came equipped with a pound of uncut heroin.

At this point my old pal Pedro enters the study. I am shocked, and I upend my drink all over my beautiful poetry, for I have not seen Pedro in ages. It turns out that he has been absorbed in his work, attending medical school at a prestigious college in the Northeast. "Excellent. Then you can perform my autopsy, once you've obtained the proper credentials, of course. That ought to provide the medi-

cal world with some useful insights, eh Pedro?"

"I doubt you'll have much say in the matter considering that you will be dead."

I ring the bell for my girlfriend and order two glasses of the House Wine. The House Wine in my house is the 1996 Night Train Express (red) or the 1996 Thunderbird Apple Wine (white). My girlfriend presents us each with an elaborate Medieval goblet brimming with the Night Train Express and sets a bejewelled cask next to me. I dismiss my girlfriend and turn to the young medical student to consult him about my frequent panic attacks and resulting drug addictions. He is at once repulsed and frightened by my candid remarks, citing my internal organs' objections to the ravages of my wild lifestyle.

"Enjoying the wine's powerful warmbelly-effect, doc? Finding it agreeable?"

"If you are referring to the wine's extraordinary capacity to rot my gut, then no, I am not 'enjoying' it."

"Rather pleasant, isn't it?"

"Do you realize that the warmth in your diseased belly indicates that your stomach lining is being slowly destroyed?"

"You win some, you lose some, right? A mere stomach lining," I chuckle. He flashes me a contemptuous look. "Okay, so you don't like the wine? Then get out of my house, you creep,

## More of Anything

because that's the House Wine," I snarl at my shocked old friend. He exits unceremoniously.

My exceptionally loyal and talented girlfriend has prepared me an expensive and exhaustive meal comprised of gnocchi al pesto, soft shell crab, grilled porcini mushroom caps (which I have airlifted into my mansion on a daily basis from Florence. It's the only way to get a decent mushroom these days) and her signature tiramisu for dessert. We sup heartily and enthusiastically from the good, authentic Italian fare and drink deeply from bejewelled goblets housing generous helpings

of powerful Amarone. The Amarone imparts a noticeable rosiness to our rubicund cheeks and supplies the innards with a pleasurable degree of warmth (my internal organs, by the way, voice no audible objections; they are quite content, thank you). I am reminded of Pedro's outlandish claims about my stomach lining. I think of how I kicked him out of my house and actually called him a "creep" and how he glanced back at me like a fucking creep as he was leaving and announced that, in his expert opinion, my "lease on life" would no doubt "expire within a few years,

possibly even months." I swallow this bitter "eviction notice" with a delicious brandy, followed by an aged cigar from my expansive walk-in humidor in the Smoking Room.

I inform my girlfriend that the diagnosis is terminal. "How about a pain shot," she replies with admirable sympathy.

-Bert Cattivera, Contributer

## Errata

It's recently come to our attention that there have been some problems with the layout. In the last issue, there (to our knowledge) two blaring screwups. The first, on Page 5, was in Chris Ruge's article. Every week, Chris blesses us with some of his divine wisdom, and we apologize to him and our readers (both of them), for cutting off the last two lines of his article. The final paragraph should have read:

"If you are interested in joining this glorious movement, or just want to hear some truly off-color sheep jokes, e-mail me at chrF92@ hamp. hampshire.edu"

The second omission was on page 6, in Jeff Barnett's article, "Jeff Gets Insecure." The final fragment should have read,

"...Mardi Gras that is the month of May in Indy, which make, to me, the Indianapolis 500 truly the greatest spectacle in racing."

Also, there was a conflict this week over the actual name of the Bocce court. Josie says it's "Marconi." She wanted us put that here.

-The Editors

## SAGA

### Diarrhea

We all know, I hope, that SAGA food plus alcohol is a dangerous equation, one that instantly produces diarrhea, the abnormally frequent evacuation of the bowels. Perhaps this is the less glamorous side of alcohol abuse.

But the paradox here is that I have found I do not like to eat dinner at SAGA unless I am extremely drunk. I consulted health services about this vexing problem and spoke with an incompetent fool who told me nothing useful at all (Why is it that the people at health services believe you can treat everything with Tylenol and lemon-flavored cough drops?).

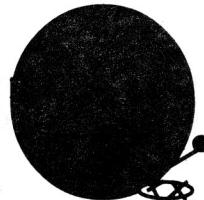
Deep fried cod, overcooked spaghetti noodles in a sea of oil, minute rice, and cheap vodka with citrus juice. Diar-

rhea, nausea, and vomiting. Every damn night.

After much serious thought I have now solved this tricky conundrum: As a precautionary measure, before dining at SAGA I swallow immense amounts of a miraculous over-the-counter anti-diarrheal medication, along with truckloads of anti-nausea pills which a sympathetic private practitioner prescribed for me.

Now I enjoy my meals in full drunken splendor. I urge you to do the same, as the quality of my life has skyrocketed.

-Bert Cattivera, Contributer



Man Being Run  
Over by  
Steamroller  
Jordan Strauss  
1997



# Late Breaking News

*University of Massachusetts students demand action*

Demanding better minority rights, and calling upon the university to uphold a 5 year old contract which had not been fulfilled, over 150 University of Massachusetts students entered the controllers office in UMass's Goodell Hall on Monday

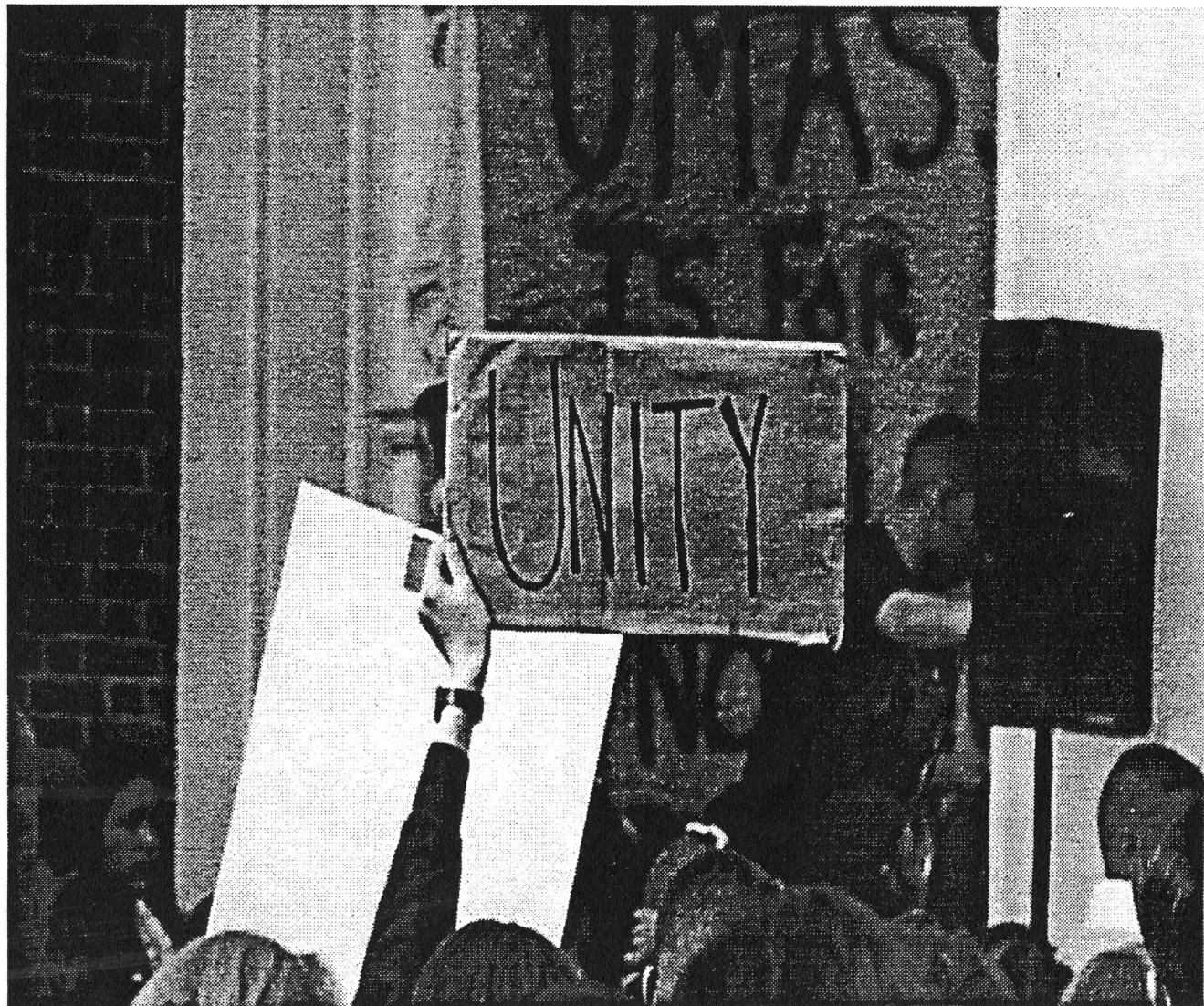
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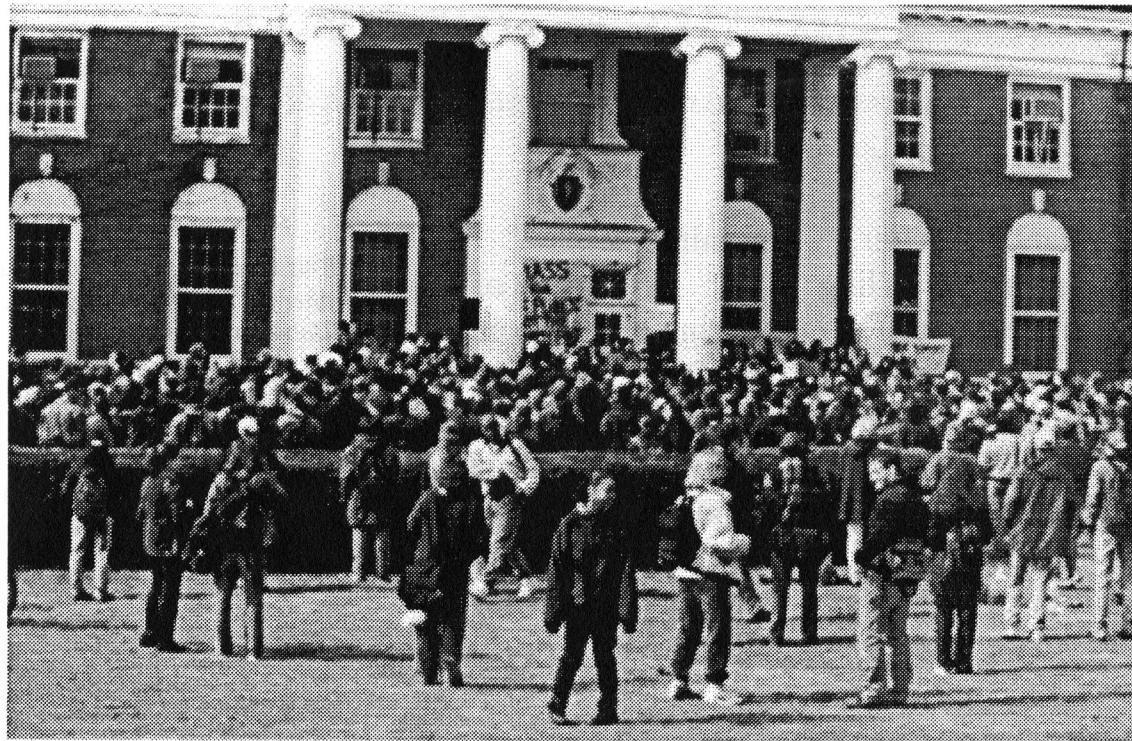
At the time of the printing of this issue of *The Omen*, the standoff continued. This late breaking insert contains photographs and news as best it is available as of the evening of Thursday, March 6th.

*This special insert was constructed after the March 5th rally at the University of Massachusetts.*

*Captions and Photographs by Jon Klein.*

*Coverage by Jeffery Barnett, Amber Cortes and Jordan Strauss*

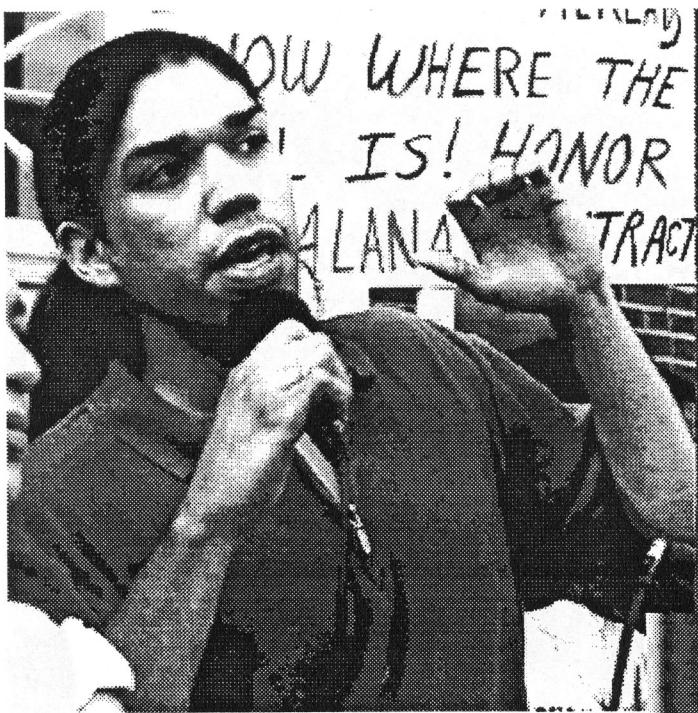




Upwards of a thousand students from all five colleges gathered outside of The University of Massachusetts's Goodell Hall Wednesday morning to support the over 150 students locked inside. Though most of the students inside the building were from UMass, there were reports that students from both Hampshire College and Amherst College had joined in the takeover.

Though security did not allow anybody to enter the building, food, blankets, and other necessities were passed freely to the protesters inside. As of Thursday evening, the students had been holed up inside for over 100 hours.



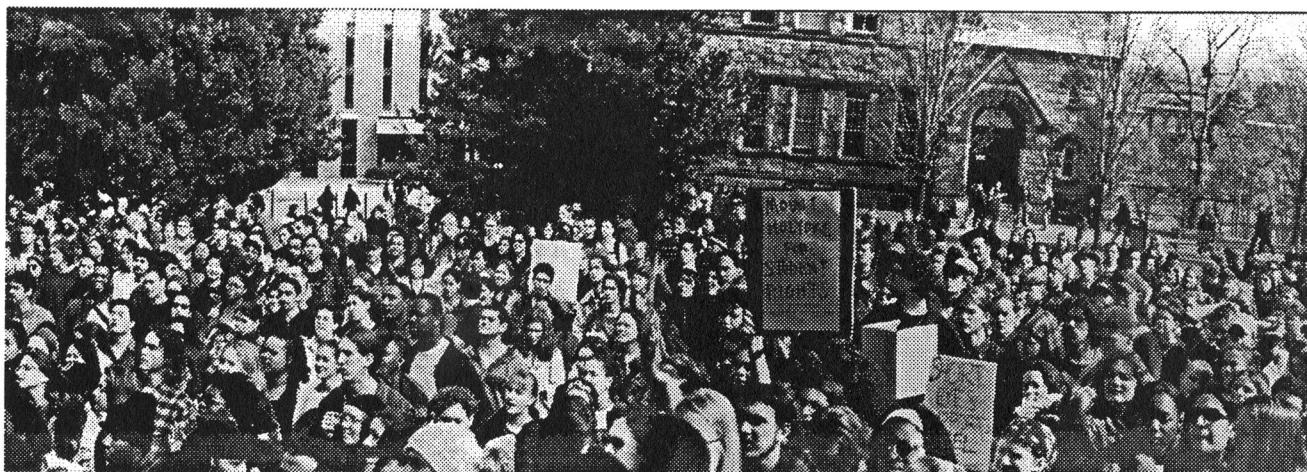


The students are protesting the University's broken promises of better race relations. The promises were made five years ago after a similar incident. See page 5 for a full list of demands.

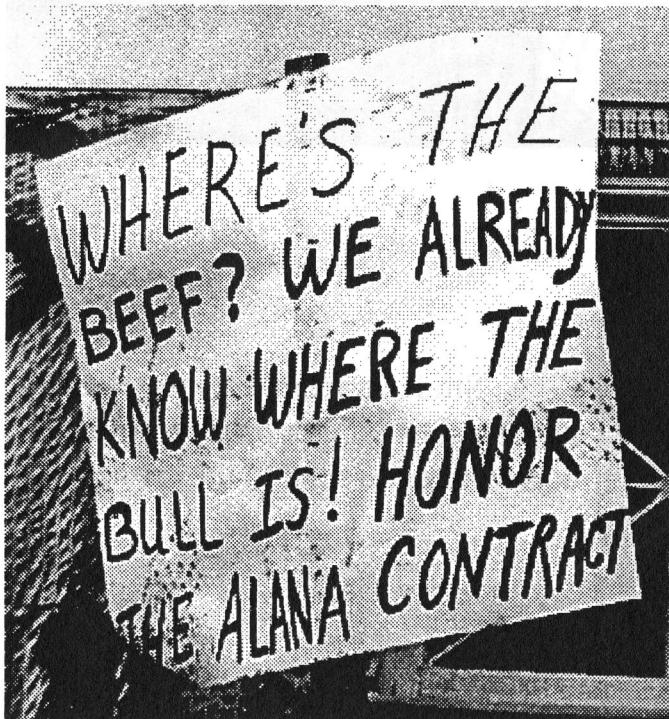
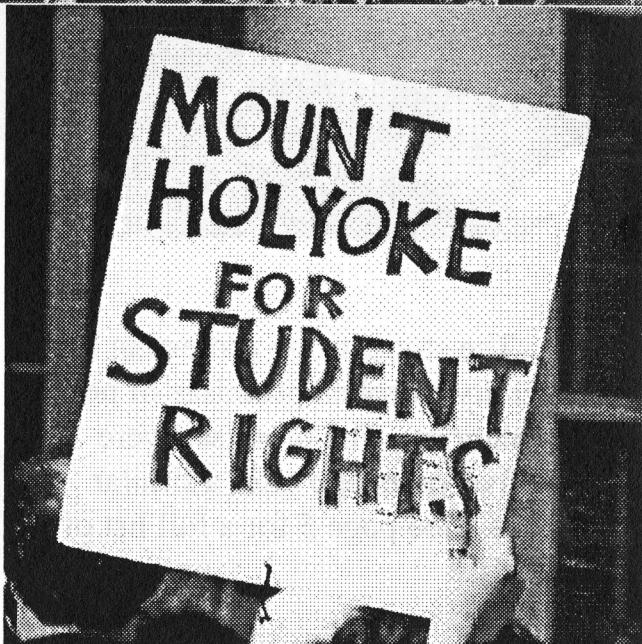
The students inside were largely made up of UMass's ALANA (African American, Latin, Asian, and Native American) student group.



Students from the inside put negotiations temporarily on hold to come out and speak to the crowd.



The crowd outside was made up of students from all five colleges. About 100 Mt. Holyoke students made a grand entrance armed with banners, posters, and supportive chants.



Though Wednesday's rally and UMass walkout are finished at the time of this printing, the standoff continues, and the students inside are still asking for food, clothing, and donations. Most of all, they request support from students all over the valley.